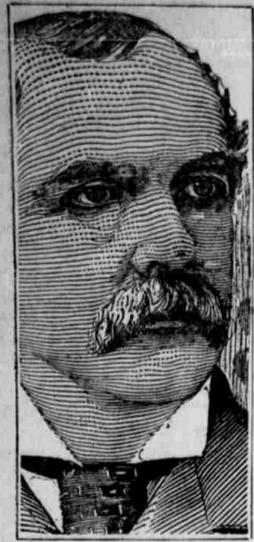


UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA PRAISES PE-RU-NA.



Ex-Senator M. C. Butler.

Dyspepsia is often caused by Catarrh of the Stomach. Peruna Relieves Catarrh of the Stomach and is therefore a Remedy for Dyspepsia.

Hon. M. C. Butler, Ex-U. S. Senator from South Carolina for two terms, in a letter from Washington, D. C., writes to the Peruna Medicine Co. as follows: 'I can recommend Peruna for dyspepsia and stomach trouble. I have been using your medicine for a short period and I feel very much relieved. It is indeed a wonderful medicine, besides a good food.'

CATARRH of the stomach is the correct name for most cases of dyspepsia. In order to cure catarrh of the stomach the catarrh must be eradicated. Only an internal cathartic remedy, such as Peruna, is available. Peruna exactly meets the indications.

Criminal Sneezing. Great public interest is being manifested in the case of a man who has been prosecuted for sneezing in a public street. The hero of the incident is one Johann Furtmann, a resident of Mulhausen, a small town in Prussian Saxony. Furtmann, who is highly respected by his fellow citizens, sneezed somewhat loudly in the main street of Mulhausen. A policeman arrested him on a charge of creating a disturbance. The local police authorities prosecuted Furtmann on a charge of gross misdemeanor and rendering himself a public nuisance. After a lengthy trial Furtmann was acquitted. The police authorities appealed against the decision, and a new trial is necessary. Furtmann announces that he will call medical evidence to prove that a polypus in the nose prevented him sneezing less loudly than was the case when the arrest occurred.

No Use. 'Do you notice what a lot of women are going in for science?' 'Yes. My wife's got the fever, too.' 'What's her line?' 'Mechanics. She's an inventor.' 'Indeed? What has she invented?' 'Why, she's just perfected a stair-step that makes me register the time I get home the morning as soon as I put my foot on it.' 'Can't you hear it some way?' 'It's no use. She's always awake any way and waiting for me on the upper landing.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Difficult. In a spirit of bravado the defeated pugilist went to a photographer's to have his picture taken. 'You can retouch the mouth so as to make it look natural, can't you?' said the trainer. 'I don't know about that,' answered the photographer, dubiously. 'Suppose you ask him to open his mouth a little, so I can tell just where it is located.'

Nothing Done. 'Why don't you go to work?' queried the kind lady. 'A rolling stone gathers no moss, you know.' 'Dat's all right, ma'am,' answered the husky hobo, 'but I ain't got no ambishun t' be a mossback nowler.'

A FOOD CONVERT. Good Food the True Road to Health. The pernicious habit some persons still have of relying on nauseous drugs to relieve dyspepsia, keeps up the patent medicine business and helps keep up the army of dyspeptics. Indigestion—dyspepsia—is caused by what is put into the stomach in the way of improper food, the kind that so taxes the strength of the digestive organs they are actually crippled.

When this state is reached, to resort to stimulants is like whipping a tired horse with a big load. Every additional effort he makes under the lash increases his loss of power to move the load.

Try helping the stomach by leaving off heavy, greasy, indigestible food and take up Grape-Nuts—light, easily digested, full of strength for nerves and brain, in every grain of it. There's no waste of time nor energy when Grape-Nuts is the food.

'I am an enthusiastic user of Grape-Nuts and consider it an ideal food,' writes a Maine man: 'I had nervous dyspepsia and was all run down and my food seemed to do me but little good. From reading an ad. I tried Grape-Nuts food, and after a few weeks' steady use of it, felt greatly improved.'

'A much stronger, not nervous now, and can do more work without feeling so tired, and am better every way.'

'I relish Grape-Nuts best with cream and use four heaping teaspoonfuls at a meal. I am sure there are thousands of persons with stomach trouble who would be benefited by using Grape-Nuts.' Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, 'The Road to Wellville,' in sixes. 'There's a reason.'

Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER XXIV.

There are many people who go through life without ever knowing what it is to fight a gale of wind.

There is a breath of heaven of which the only message is death. It is a wind with no fine-sounding name, for it belongs to the north, where men endure things and have no thought of naming them. It blows for six months of the year. It veers from south-southwest to northwest-by-north, and it is born upon the gray legends round the pole. For many hundred miles it raves across the frozen ocean, gathering deadly coldness at every league. On its shoulders it carries tons of snow, and then striking land, it rages and tears, howls, moans and screams across northern Europe into far-frozen Asia. In passing it clothes all Russia in white, and still has plenty to spare for bleak Siberia, northern China and Japan.

A few northern races manage to live on in such numbers as to save extermination, and that is all. More than a third of them are partially or wholly blind. Their existence is a constant and unequal struggle against this same wind and its pitiless auxiliaries—snow and frost. The earth yields no increase here. A little sparse vegetation, sufficient only to nourish miserable reindeer and a few horses; a scattering of pine trees, and that is all. Although no sanctifying spirit can be said to walk upon the waters, the sea alone sustains life, for men, dogs and reindeer eat fish, not dried but frozen, when they can get it.

It was across this country, and in face of this wind, that a party of men and women made their way in the late summer several years ago. By late summer came the first fortnight in July in these high latitudes. These travelers were twenty-one in number—sixteen men and five women. One woman carried a baby—a full bird—born in prison—unbaptized. It did not count, not even as half a person, to any one except its mother. Men and women were dressed alike in good for clothing, baggy trousers tucked into fat boots, long blouse-like fur coats, and caps with earflaps tied down. Boots, trousers, coats and even caps bore signs of damage by water. When northern Siberia is not frozen up it is in a state of flood, and traveling, except by water, is almost impossible. These people had come many miles by this comparatively easy method of imminent risk for they had traveled north on the bosom of the flood. Since then they have literally burned their vessels in order to cut off pursuit.

The men dragged light sledges, three to a sledge, and four resting. The women carried various more precious burdens—delicate instruments, such as compasses and aneroids. Beneath the fur caps throbbed some singular brains, from under the dragged brims looked out some strange faces. There was a doctor among them, two army officers, a judge and others who had not been allowed time to become anything, for they were exiled while students.

The whole party pressed forward in silence with tight-lipped lips and half-closed eyes, for the rushing wind carried a fine blinding snow before it. Only one person spoke at times. It was the woman who carried the baby, and she interlarded her incoherent remarks with snatches of song and bursts of peculiar laughing laughter. Suddenly she sat down on a boulder.

'I will sit here,' she said, 'in the warm sun.' The whole party stopped, and one of the women answered: 'Come, Anna,' she said, 'we cannot wait here.' Still speaking, she took her arm and urged her to rise.

'But,' protested she who had been addressed as Anna, 'where is the picnic to be?' The picnic, Anna Pavloski, said a small, squarely built man, coming forward and speaking in a wonderfully deep and harmonious tone of voice, 'is to be held further on. You must come at once.'

'I think,' she said gently, 'that I will wait here for my husband. I expect him home from the office. He will bring the news.' They were all grouped round the woman on one except one man, and he stood apart with his back turned toward them. He had been dragging the foremost sledge, and the broad band of the trace was still across his shoulders. He had been leading the way, and seemed in some subtle manner to be recognized as chief and pioneer.

Again the woman who had first spoken persuaded; again the broad-shouldered man spoke in his commanding gentleness. It was, however, of no avail. Then after a few moments of painful hesitation, he led the group and went to where the leader stood alone. 'Pavloski,' he said. 'Yes, doctor.' He never turned his head, but stood rigid and stern, looking straight before him, scowling with eyes from which the horror now would never fade. He stared, hopeless distance. No marble statue could reproduce the strong cold despair that breathed in every limb and feature.

'Something,' said the doctor, 'must be done. We are behind our time already.' 'I suppose it is my duty to stay with you?' said Pavloski. 'I cannot leave this party. I cannot stay behind.' The little man made no answer. His silence was more eloquent than any words could have been. A dramatic painter could scarcely have found a sadder picture than these two friends who dared not to meet each other's eyes. And yet, in a moment, it was rendered infinitely sadder by the advent of a third person.

Swathed as she was in furs, it was difficult to distinguish that this was a woman at all, and yet to a close observer her movements, the manner in which she set her feet upon the ground, the suggestion of graceful curves in limb and form, betrayed that she was indeed a young girl. Her face confirmed it—gay blue eyes and a rosebud mouth, round cheeks delicately tinted despite the wild wind, and little wisps of golden hair straggling out from the ear-flaps, and gleaming against the dusky face.

'I,' said this little woman, 'will stay with her. Sergius, I will try and take her back. We will give ourselves up. It does not matter. Now that Hans is dead, I have nothing to live for. I have no husband.'

The little doctor winced. He was not a nihilist at all, and never had been, but in personal appearance he had resembled one. There was something horribly real in the words that came from the girl's rosy lips. Sergius Pavloski shook his head and moved a step or two toward the group half hidden by a fine driving snow.

'No,' he answered. 'We arranged it before leaving London. There is only one thing to be done.'

look of horror, and hesitated to follow him.

'It was agreed,' he continued, mechanically, 'that the lives of all were never to be endangered for the sake of one.' 'Tears said that.'

Slowly the two followed him. As they approached the group some of these stepped silently back, some walked away a few paces and stood apart with averted faces.

'Can you tell me,' said the woman, looking up suddenly and leaving the boy's face and throat fully exposed to the cruel wind, 'whether I can find a lodging near here?'

She addressed Pavloski, who was standing in front of her. He made no answer, but presently turned away with a convulsive movement of lips and throat, as if he were swallowing with an effort. Then he raised his voice and, addressing his companions generally, he said, with the assurance of a man placed in a position to exact obedience: 'Will you all go on? Keep the same direction, north-by-west according to the compass. I shall catch you up before evening.'

He stood quite still, like a man hewn out of stone—upright, emotionless and quiet—awaiting the fulfillment of his commands. All around him his companions waited. It almost seemed as if they expected the Almighty to interfere. Even to those who have tasted the bitterest cup that life has ever brewed, this seemed too cruel to be true—too horrible. And the wind blew all around them, tearing, raging on.

At last one man had the courage to do it. It was he who had spoken to Pavloski, the man whom they called doctor. He went toward one of the sledges and proceeded to disentangle the traces thrown carelessly down when a halt had been called. The men stepped silently forward and drew the cords across their shoulders. The women moved away first, stepping softly on the silent snow, and like phantoms vanishing in the mist and windy turmoil. The men followed, dragging their noiseless sledges. The doctor stayed behind for a moment. When the others were out of earshot he went toward Pavloski and laid his mitted hand upon his arm.

'Sergius,' he said, with painful hesitation, 'let me do it—I am a doctor—it will be easier.'

Pavloski turned and looked at the speaker in a stupid, bewildered way, as if the language used were unknown to him. Then he smiled suddenly, in a sickening way; it was like a cynical smile upon the face of the dead.

'Go!' he said, pointing to windward, where their companions had disappeared. 'Go with them. Let each one of us do his duty. It will be a consolation, whatever the end may be.'

The doctor was bound in honor to obey this man in all and through all. He obeyed now, as I left Sergius Pavloski alone with his mad wife and his helpless babe. As he moved away he heard the woman prattling of the sun and the birds and the flowers.

He turned his face resolutely northward and pressed forward into the icy wind, but a muffled, gurgling shriek broke down his strong resolution. Without stopping, he glanced back over his shoulder with a gasp of horror. Sergius Pavloski was kneeling with his back to the north; but he was not kneeling on the snow; for the doctor saw two fur-clad arms waving convulsively, and between the soles of Pavloski's great snow boots he caught sight of two other feet drawn up in agony.

'Oh, God!' exclaimed the man, aloud, 'forgive him!' And with bloodshot eyes and haggard lips he stumbled on, not heeding where he set his feet. He fell, and rose again, scarce knowing what he did. Despite the freezing wind, the perspiration ran down his face, blinding him. It froze and hung there in little icicles on his mustache and beard.

And in the agony of his strong mind his brain lost all power of concentration. His lips continued to frame those four words over and over again until they became bereft of all meaning and lapsed into a mere rhythmic refrain, keeping time with the swing of his sturdy legs. (To be continued.)

OLD MAIDS AS MOTHERS.

How Spinsters Display Parentalism When in Charge of Children.

A woman may not be especially devoted to children, or feel any acute desire to possess them, and yet, nine times out of ten, if she has to take some small boy or girl shopping or walking, she will, half unconsciously, begin playing mother.

There are certain ways of pulling down little skirts and settling caps that are distinctly parental and possessive, a manner of grasping small hands and answering shrill questions that proclaim to all the world, 'This is my jewel-child.' Few parents can avoid a trace of self-conscious pride when treating the community to a sight of their offspring. But let a spinster take a small relative in charge, and she will outmother the most demonstrative mother of them all in her airs and gestures.

Her 'dear' is a masterpiece of indulgent parentalism, and if the unappreciative youngster shouts out, 'Auntie,' a look of sharp mortification comes across her face. She buys little shoes and socks with an air of mature deliberation tempered by a half humorous tenderness, and the clerk, if she knows her business, asks questions about the age and size and smiles sympathetically over the small garments.

A woman may restrain herself from obviously making believe in the street, but before a counter of frilled caps or Dutch little trousers she is a moral coward and cannot resist the alluring mantle of motherhood. She may love her spinsterhood and exist in her freedom, but down beneath the eternal femur she is awake and clamoring for its blight—Chicago Tribune.

Not Inconsistent. Nell—You don't mean to say you're going to marry him? Belle—Yes. Nell—The idea! Why, you said you wouldn't marry him if he were the last man on earth. Belle (snapping)—Well, my gracious! he isn't, is he? Nastily. 'I don't feel like myself to-day.' 'Let me congratulate you.'—Cleveland Leader.

Modern Buccaneers of the Pacific



Within a few weeks the Pacific has yielded two stories of pirates, at a time when piracy was generally believed to have become one of the lost professions.

Developments have shown that the black flag, metaphorically speaking, still flies over craft in the Pacific ocean, although the times of those captivating gentry who scoured the Spanish Main of the Atlantic have indeed passed away forever.

Compared with the Pacific Ocean, the Atlantic is a narrow body of water, but the Pacific, the romantic old South Sea famed for financial 'bubbles' and for the adventures who have sought it for their country's good, is almost boundless in its extent. The combined navies of the world could not properly police the great sea, and it has innumerable islands, charted and uncharted—spots of land which appear and disappear in the immense depth of its waters in the most erratic and unexpected manner.

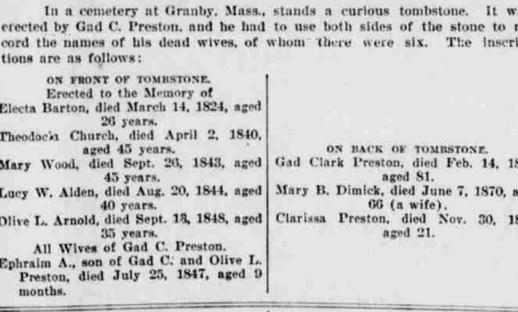
But the commerce on the Pacific is considerable and constantly growing. Great ships, some of them the equal of the trans-Atlantic 'greyhounds,' with the regularity of a suburban train, ply between the continents. Rich materials, bullion, money are coming and going in the ships. Millions of money are always being conveyed upon its waves. Here, then, is the scene prepared for the pirates. All that is necessary is the buccaneer himself. He is there, too. Generally speaking, he is a Chinese. But there are men from the Occident willing to 'take a chance' to turn the golden flood rolling their way.

Almost every port on the Pacific has its quota of adventurers. Most of them must have grown tired of their own names, for they use others, and usually their means of support are not ostentatious. These human wrecks are to be found from San Francisco to Sydney. The Hawaiian Islands are not free from their presence; they can be found upon the beach at Apla, but in the treaty ports of China they congregate in numbers.

At Shanghai is collected the flotsam and jetsam of the world. There are many mysterious Englishmen, Americans and others stranded there. The secret of their means of existence is shown occasionally in the consular police court. They keep dives, they tempt themselves with noxious natives in smuggling transactions, and now and then during a dispute with a Chinese whom they were endeavoring to cheat in a dubious business scheme somebody is murdered. The lawless, the embezzlers, the welters who have been forced to abandon connection with their home towns find a refuge in Shanghai, where 'something always is turning up' for a man who rises superior to his conscience.

These modern buccaneers are 'captains of industry.' They organize raids, plan piracies, but it is the wily native who is entrusted with the execution of the schemes. Most of the master minds do not care to risk their precious lives, while there are plenty of disreputables in the native quarters willing for a few dollars to cut a throat or lead an attack upon a liner. Some of the adventurers live by blackmail, others by giving tips to native pirates and robbers of whose loot may be found. Hong Kong, Macao, Nagasaki and Singapore all have their quota of these cosmopolites.

NEW ENGLAND ECONOMY DISPLAYED ON TOMBSTONE.



In a cemetery at Granby, Mass., stands a curious tombstone. It was erected by Gad C. Preston, and he had to use both sides of the stone to record the names of his dead wives, of whom there were six. The inscriptions are as follows:

ON FRONT OF TOMBSTONE. Erected to the Memory of Electa Barton, died March 14, 1824, aged 26 years. Theodora Church, died April 2, 1840, aged 45 years. Mary Wood, died Sept. 23, 1843, aged 45 years. Lucy W. Alden, died Aug. 20, 1844, aged 45 years. Olive L. Arnold, died Sept. 18, 1848, aged 35 years.

All Wives of Gad C. Preston. Ephraim A., son of Gad C. and Olive L. Preston, died July 25, 1847, aged 9 months.

DOOM OF THE FARM HORSE.

Agricultural Motor Car May Supercede Dobbin in the Fields. Good-by Dobbin, the faithful and sturdy old farm horse. No longer will 'the plowman homeward plod his weary way.' Instead he will slip nimbly on the second speed of his agricultural motor car and go dashing up the lane to the farmhouse at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

In the early months of 1902 what proved to be the first successful gasoline agricultural motor appeared, competing with the season in England and carrying off the gold medals from the horse in every contest. Plowing proved to be the first phase of farm labor to which the agricultural motor was introduced and at which four years ago it made its initial reputation. Steam engines had proven too heavy for the soft land being plowed and here the agriculturalist expected to meet the internal combustion motor, but they signally failed. For a plowing test among horses, steam power and the gasoline motor two and three-quarter acres of very heavy clay soil were selected. It was a condition that the furrows were to be nine inches wide and six inches deep. In doing the work nine horses and three boys, did the work at a total cost of \$8.25, or at the rate of \$3.08 an acre. By steam power the total cost of plowing the same area amounted to \$9.80, or at \$4.08 an acre, and with the gasoline motor the cost totaled \$4.44, or at \$1.97 an acre. For plowing purposes a three-furrowed plow is invariably used except in heavy clay soils where a couple of furrows prove sufficient.—Technical World.

Bottle About 32 Years. Buffeted about by the waves of Lake Superior for almost exactly thirty-two years, a bottle containing a communication from the crew and passengers of the old steamer High Wind was found a day or two ago in the bottle heap at a local bottling establishment by William Clark, a 12-year-old boy. The lad was washing bottles and happened to notice

DISASTER IN ANTIVILLE.

Great Loss of Life that Exceeded the Small People.

'Oh, yes, I feel well enough, but I'm not in my usual spirits, maybe.' The woman spreading the summer in the cabin on the hill dropped in to see the feet-dwellers in the orchard.

'You know I can't bear to kill anything, but lately the ants have been getting so numerous in the cabin that I concluded I just must. The ants seemed quite excited, naturally, but at first I didn't notice anything in particular, though of course I'd always known that they're intelligent.'

'Last summer we had wasps, and somebody told me to leave the slain ones around in view—it would help to make the other wasps go elsewhere to build. Why wouldn't ants take the same hint? I thought. So I collected a lot of dead ants and decorated the window-sill.'

'Pretty soon I happened to remember, and—bless your heart!—perfect multitudes of ants were coming in processions to my morgue.'

'Do you understand? They were identifying the bodies of friends and relations. It was no time before every single dead ant had been carried away for decent burial, no doubt—but by fathers, mothers, brothers, husbands and wives that I had made mourners of.'

'How interesting!' commented one. 'Such an opportunity to study natural history!'

'Yes,' blimpily assented the cabin-dweller, 'but in studying natural history, give me some benevolent role—the part of San Francisco earthquake and eruption of Vesuvius isn't conducive to the scientific attitude.'

'Then,' she continued, thoughtfully, 'while I didn't actually see the notebooks, yet after the bodies of the victims—she shifted uneasily in her chair—'had been removed, a lot of strenuous, inquisitive ants went dashing about on the scene of disaster, and I'm positive from their manners—I was once interviewed myself—that they were reporters.'

'You'll probably receive a copy of the San Ant—onto Times,' suggested a sympathetic hearer.

'Don't believe I'd care to read the account from that side,' said the cabin lady, ruefully. 'Doesn't anybody know some powder or something that drives ants away without killing them? Identifying friends and relations! Think of that, will you?—Youth's Companion.'

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, it causes a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail to F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

He Sells Papers. There's a newsboy in Hyde Park who shows such a well developed ability to bunko folks that those who come in contact with him think he'll be a real promoter some day. He boards the trolley cars on Cottage Grove avenue soon after the morning newspapers are out, and every morning he yells the same bulletin: 'Polper, morning paper; all about the big fire!'

It doesn't matter whether there's been a fire or not. He yells about it fire every time. Hyde Parkers are interested in fires, and they buy—and don't realize that they've been bunked until they're far from the enterprising youngster who fooled 'em.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Micro-Windlow's Nosewax Bract for Children. (Warning: Beware of cheap imitations. All genuine, pure wax only. Do not use.)

Perfectly Clear. His Coachman—Professor, why is it that the moon alius shows the same face? The Professor—That is due to the circumstance that its revolution upon its axis is coincident with the revolution it makes in its orbit.

The Coachman—Thankee. I thort it was somethin' like that.

A Diplomatic Dinner. During General Sherman's residence in New York he was in great demand for dinners, and seldom refused to go forth and do battle with his digestion. A lady once asked him how he managed to attend so many elaborate dinners without committing 'gastronomic suicide.' His biographers give the old warrior's answer: 'I do not touch fifteen per cent of the dinners I go to,' said the general.

'I go to see the dinners and enjoy their enjoyment, which I never could do if I was foolish enough to treat my stomach disrespectfully.' You see, it has been too stanch a friend to neglect.

'I eat to live, and I am satisfied with the plainest kind of food. Then I take great pains to give hunger a show, and while I believe most thoroughly in the value of regular meals and rest, I have learned to go through a dining-room without eating a morsel, without being detected and without hurting the feelings of the hostess.'

Not a Heroine. 'But, surely, Miss Roxley knew when she accepted the count that he was worthless.' 'Yes, but he proved to be twice as worthless as she thought him.'

'How was that?' 'She thought she was going to get him for a million, but he cost her two million.'—Philadelphia Press.

Nothing in It. First Burglar—Did Bill get much out of that burglary? Second Burglar—No; he got so little that his lawyer advised him to plead guilty.—Judge.

The average woman so exaggerates her illness that she has a grievance against her doctor because when he was sent for he didn't come racing.

When the time comes for every one to wish you joy, half the people are laughing because you imagine you have cause for congratulation.

A druggist as surely becomes 'Doc' as a lawyer becomes 'Judge.'

Women Who Wear Well.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life often make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliant tawny like the bloom from a peach which is rudely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change, ignorance and neglect. Few young women appreciate the shock to the system through the change which comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weaknesses which too often come with marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the cheek of its freshness and the form of its fairness.

As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of the delicate womanly organs, so surely when these organs are established in health the face and form at once witness to the fact in renewed complexion. Nearly a million women have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Ingredients on label—contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs. Made wholly of those native, American, medicinal roots most highly recommended by leading medical authorities of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments.

For nursing mothers or for those broken-down in health by too frequent bearing of children, also for the expectant mothers, to prepare the system for the coming of baby and making its advent easy and almost painless, there is no medicine quite so good as Favorite Prescription. It can do no harm in any condition of the system. It is a most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening nervine nicely adapted to women's delicate systems. It is a physician of large experience in the treatment of woman's peculiar ailments.

Dr. Pierce may be consulted by letter free of charge. Address Dr. J. C. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$3.50 & \$3.00 Shoes. BE IN THE WORLD. W. L. Douglas's \$4 Gilt Edge line cannot be equaled anywhere.

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